

MAMMOTH AUCTION

Owing to a great rush of business at the "LONG BRICK STORE," which takes all my time, I have decided to sell my farm of 253 acres in Antwerp Township, and also to have a

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE

of all my Farm Property, without reserve or by-bidding. Therefore, be it remembered, and please don't forget the date, that I will sell at Auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, MARCH 29th, 1892,

The following property, viz.: 5 Work Horses, 6 New Milch Cows, 35 nice Fine Wool Sheep, a lot of Shotes, 800 or 1000 bushels of Corn, a lot of Hay, 1 Osborn Binder nearly new, 1 Mower, 6 ft. cut, 1 Horse Rake, 4 Plows, 2 2-horse Cultivators, 1 Roller Drill, 1 2-horse Corn Planter, 1 Land Roller, 2 Spring Tooth Harrows, 1 Smoothing Harrow, 2 Lumber Wagons, 2 pairs Bob Sleighs, 2 Hay Racks, 1 Fanning Mill, 1 Corn Sheller, 2 sets Double Work Harness, 1 Single Buggy, 1 set Tackles and Ropes, 3 Log Chains, 2 Grindstones, 1 Buzz Saw and Frame, 1 Steam Feed Cooker, 1 set Truck Barn Scales, 1 Scalding Tub, 1 Wheelbarrow Seeder, 1 Crosscut Saw, 1 Farm Creamery, one Log Boat, and a thousand and one other things too numerous to mention. These tools are all nearly new and in good condition. SALE WILL BEGIN PROMPTLY AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

Free Lunch for Everybody.

TERMS. All sums of \$5.00 and under, Cash; on sums over \$5.00 six months' time will be given at 6 per cent. interest on notes subject to the approval of E. F. Parks, Cashier of First Nat'l Bank.

The Famous Auctioneer, **HANK W. McCABE**, will wield the Gavel.

CAPT. E. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.
C. H. BUTLER, AGT.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Oldest City in the United States.—A Day of Sight-Seeing in the Land of Flowers.

NO. 6.

At 2:30 p. m. Jan. 26, we reached St. Augustine, that old, old city, settled by the Spanish in 1565. Probably no part of our journey had been more eagerly anticipated than had the visit to this historic place, nor were we in any wise disappointed, for we found ourselves virtually in a foreign land.

The city stands on the Matanzas river, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, and old Fort Marion at once attracts the eye, its picturesque walls and tower making a clear-cut silhouette against the blue sky. It looks down upon two distinct styles of architecture. On one side of the city are the ancient Spanish buildings, on the other those magnificent Moorish palaces known as the Ponce de Leon, Alcazar, Cordova, and various other modern hotels built by Northern capitalists at the expense of millions of dollars. They are of yellow pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings and tiled roofs, their numerous spires and minarets glistening in the sunlight, their marble floors, elegant furnishings, long verandahs, and balconies opening onto beautiful courts, all uniting to form a picture of Oriental splendor such as must be seen to be appreciated, and which at night is transformed by the electric lights into a veritable scene from fairy land.

Taking carriages we soon alighted before the ancient entrance of Ft. Marion and mounted the old stairway that once resounded only to martial tread, but will never more echo to aught save the footfall of the peace-loving tourist, since the fort is preserved only for its historic associations. From its tower we gained a lovely view of the city and also watched an exciting yacht race on the river near by. Its thick walls are made of the white coquina and are in a wonderful state of preservation considering that "Time's insatiable tooth" has been gnawing at them for more than three centuries.

Re-entering the carriages, we passed a small stone building of great interest as being the oldest house in America; also the high stone pillars of the old city gate, another reminder of those bygone days when a strong stone wall might withstand a protracted siege from the rude, ineffective weapons of warfare. We drove through quaint old streets between rows of Spanish adobe houses, whose overhanging balconies nearly met above our heads. None of these highways are more than forty feet in width, and Treasury street is only eight. We passed the old slave mart in the Plaza, an open pavilion with roof supported by long rows of pillars, and gazed at the ancient cathedral, wishing we might listen to its silvery chime of bells sent across the waters by a Spanish king long since dead and turned to clay. Driving slowly through the main business streets, occasionally alighting to look over the attractive wares displayed in the bazars, our party gathered many a pretty souvenir of this city whose name perpetu-

ates the memory of the staunch old Latin monk.

The last stop on the drive was at the museum, where we examined some queer old manuscripts and books, and saw many curiosities of land and sea. Then we drove back to "fairy-land" and entered the magnificent court of the Ponce de Leon, where semi-tropical vegetation delights the eye and the musical ripple of fountains charms the ear. We gathered in the magnificent parlors and studied the beautiful paintings upon the walls, gazed at the delicate tinting of the ceilings where dimpled cherubs float amid garlands of roses, and admired the exquisite taste that had blended the shades of carpet, tapestry, and draperies into one harmonious whole. Then we rambled through the courts and parlors of the Alcazar and Cordova, each so different and yet each so beautiful.

Returning to the Ponce de Leon for supper, we found the dining room and all its appointments in perfect keeping with the rest. The fine table linen, delicate china, and fragile glass-ware making one wonder whence came the domestic who could be trusted with their care. Altogether we could easily have believed that we were dining at the table of some royal prince, and were ready to accept the assertion that this is the finest hotel in America. It may not be out of place to add that its furniture came mostly from Grand Rapids, Mich.

After dinner the orchestra gave us a musical treat which charmed us into such forgetfulness of the hour that we were compelled to make a rush for our train. It was a special which General Supt. Crawford of the St. Augustine & Halifax River R. R. had procured for us, in spite of the unusual press of business that made it well-nigh impossible. Except for his timely aid, we should have been delayed some ten or twelve hours; and, though we could have made good use of the time in St. Augustine, yet it would have disarranged all our plans for the rest of the trip and been a great inconvenience to us. At Palatka our car was transferred to the regular vestibuled train, so that we awoke next morning at Sanford, the home of our good friend Col. Elliott.

From this time throughout our Florida trip we were made to feel as if we owned the earth and the fulness thereof, or at least that part of it comprised in the long, narrow peninsula that separates the waters of the Mexican Gulf from the blue Atlantic. Proceeding to the Sanford House, we listened to a most cordial speech of welcome from Mayor Harris, and were then refreshed with a bountiful breakfast, tendered by the generous citizens. Returning to the train, we found our traveling quarters enlarged by the addition of a baggage car and day coach, the latter most beautifully decorated with flowers and vines by the skillful fingers of Mrs. H. M. Bowler, wife of the master of transportation on the South Florida & Western R. R., a branch of the great Plant system. The train over this portion of our route was under the personal supervision of B. R. Swoope, superintendent of this line, who, together with Colonel Elliott's lovable wife, proved a most welcome addition to our party.

Although we had seen many isolated orange trees, and had grown quite accustomed to the contrast of their glossy green leaves with their golden fruitage, we had as yet caught only fleeting

glimpses of a genuine orange grove; but after leaving Sanford we rode for 24 miles between long rows of luxurious orange trees that looked as if they might supply all Florida with fruit.

Winter Park was our next stopping place and is, as its name implies, a resort for the winter months. The Seminole Hotel is a new, finely equipped house, under the management of F. C. Campbell, late of the Ponce de Leon. Its grounds are tastefully laid out and decorated with vines, flowers, palms, and other tropical shrubbery. The hotel stands on the bank of a lake, and from its observatory eight other placid sheets of water may be seen, so that boating and fishing are popular pastimes.

Rollins college is also located here, and is one of the educational institutions of South Florida. It offers exceptional advantages in the way of freedom from contaminating influences, both morally and physically, and sprang into existence through an endowment of \$50,000 from the late A. W. Rollins of Chicago, having been incorporated in 1885. We went through the various buildings, Dr. Hooker, the president, acting as guide, and then re-boarded our train for a run to Winter Haven. As we had no opportunity to stop for dinner, Col. Elliott thoughtfully arranged for the preparation of a fine collation to be put on board the train at Winter Park, so that we might partake of it on the way to the Haven and lose no time.

Winter Haven is a small settlement of two or three hundred inhabitants and has grown up chiefly through the efforts of Dr. F. W. Inman, formerly of Akron, Ohio. About six years ago the doctor purchased several thousand acres hereabouts, and moving his family thither, made him a lovely home with extensive grounds in the midst of the pine uplands and Florida "crackers." Now he has gathered around him some thirty or forty enterprising young married men from his former home, who are full of enthusiasm over their young orange groves and the fortunes they hope to make. Meantime, they are supporting themselves and families by raising vegetables which they ship to the cities, and claim that they grow them successfully every month in the year. Tomatoes is a favorite crop, which commands \$1 for a 3-peck crate, while strawberries bring from \$.75 to \$1.25 per quart.

When the train stopped at the Winter Haven depot, the male representatives of this little Ohio colony were all out to receive us, with a most unique array of turn-outs well calculated to remind one of stories of frontier life. Your humble servant and another lady occupied the one seat of a platform spring wagon, in which two kitchen chairs did duty as seats for the gentlemen who accompanied us, while a plump, good-natured looking male was the motive power. In fact, except for Dr. Inman's fine team, the horses were all mules, and it was a queer looking procession that drove across country in true pioneer style, turning out for nothing but lakes, and filling past many a thrifty looking young orange grove with vegetables growing between the rows. We found our hosts bright, enterprising young men, and enjoyed our two hours' ride immensely, especially its termination at Dr. Inman's, where a social reception awaited us. Here we ourselves

were most pleasantly surprised to meet Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanton, whose home is south-east of Lawton. Mrs. Stanton is related by marriage to Dr. Inman, and it is here they have been spending the winter. Here, too, in one corner of the grounds, I looked upon the last resting place of my old classmate, Chas. Robinson, a graduate from our school in '73, and victim of that dread disease, consumption. Thus it is that we often find traces of familiar friends in unexpected and unfamiliar places.

Fires were sparkling in the grates of this luxurious home, flowers decked mantles and tables, and the latter fairly groaned under a load of delicious refreshments, among which were luscious strawberries just picked from the vines, with a liberal covering of sweet Jersey cream. Think of it on the twenty-seventh of January, and you will not wonder that, as they melted rapidly away, we almost wished we might stay forever. Some complimentary remarks by Perry Powers of Cadillac, were aptly responded to by Dr. Inman, and we tore ourselves reluctantly away from our new-made friends who seemed so glad to see us and made us so heartily welcome.

At Bartow Junction we made a short stop at their noted phosphate mines, where they scoop up the earth of this great "antediluvian sepulchre" with a steam dredge and, after washing it until nothing remains but the small pebbles that are practically petrifed bones and richly impregnated with the phosphoric acid, ship it away to be treated with sulphuric acid, when it is said to be a fine fertilizer. There are various other phosphate beds recently discovered in the state, and undoubtedly the southern portion will yet develop many more. Since every acre of Florida land must be fertilized each year, it can easily be seen what a mine of riches these beds will be, in case the fertilizer proves of as good quality as is expected. We were told that as yet only the Bartow mines had been sufficiently tested to be at all reliable.

At the junction of several branches of the South Florida R. R., on the direct line to the great tarpon fishing grounds of Punta Gorda, we stopped at Lakeland, a charming little town of about 1,500 people, mostly Northerners. Indeed, Florida seems to contain a larger percentage of Northern people than any other Southern state. Lakeland is well named, as it is surrounded by nine lakes; and, being situated on the highest point of the backbone of Florida, it boasts of the highest hills, best roads, most salubrious breezes, purest water, and finest scenery in the state. As we did not arrive here until after dark and left that night, we cannot vouch for this ourselves; but, judging from our reception at the Tremont House, we are fully prepared to believe it all. This hotel is a fine one, with all the modern improvements, and had been lavishly decorated with fruit and flowers for this occasion. The dining room was a picture, with its ornate decorations of trailing vines and palmetto leaves, its mantel banked with fruit and flowers, and in the center of the room an immense pyramid, with grape fruit at the base, then oranges, next lemons surmounted by tangerines, and last as well as least, a tiny variety of orange whose name sounded like "cumquat," though we'll not vouch for the accuracy of our spell-

ing. The banquet was fully in keeping with the decorations, one of its pleasantest features being the large number of Lakeland ladies and gentlemen who partook of it with us and proved such charming companions. The mayor's speech of welcome was responded to by Messrs. Powers and Hampton of our party, after which we listened to a speech from L. J. J. Nieuwenkamp, ex-consul to the Netherlands, in which he attested the satisfaction of all foreign residents with their Florida homes, and spoke of the great need of more gardeners, florists, and dairy-farmers. Judging from the few lean, discouraged looking specimens of the bovine genus that we saw throughout our Southern journey, we could readily appreciate the need of the latter; so, promising our new friends that we'd advertise the matter as widely as possible, we bade them adieu, placing a red-ribbon in our note-books to mark the Lakeland entertainment among the pleasantest episodes of our pleasant journey.

Baldness is catching says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

At a regular communication of Hudson Lodge No. 325 F. & A. M., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and spread upon the records: Resolved, That we hereby extend our sincere thanks to the members of the Glee Club for the music furnished at the dedication of our Masonic Temple, Feb. 25, 1892.

Resolved, That thanks are due the members of our sister lodges for their attendance and aid during the dedicatory services.

Resolved, That we hereby extend thanks to the K. of P. lodge for the use of their hall on the above occasion.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are tendered the members of the Free Will Baptist Aid society for the sumptuous banquet and excellent services rendered us and our guests on the evening of Feb. 25, 1892.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be furnished the Paw Paw True Northerner and the Gobleville News for publication.

THE COMMITTEE.
Gobleville, Mich., March 10, 1892.

Senor Castelar's "Life of Columbus" and the series of papers on the architectural problems of the World's Fair will begin in the May Century.

What Did You Say?

Business is Quiet?

Well, my dear sir, has it ever entered your mind how to overcome this quiet time?

Just try a case or two of our SODA CRACKERS, just the thing for receptions.

Our JAXON LUNCH is just what you want for a nice breakfast.

THREE X JAXON
THREE X WAFER
FANCY THREE X J.C. WAFER CRACKERS

} still lead all other Buttr Crackers.

THREE X PEARL
THREE X STAR
THREE X MALTESE CROSS

} OYSTER CRACKERS for this season of the year is just what will increase your trade.

Coffee Sponge, Chocolate Coffee Cakes, English Coffee Cakes, Lemon, Vanilla and Chocolate Wafers, Stanley Cakes (this is the kind of cake that kept the Stanley expedition from starving), and numberless other kinds that space prevents special mention.

These goods in your store will increase your sales twenty per cent.

Try us and we will guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Yours very truly,

JACKSON BRANCH U. S. BAKING CO.,
JACKSON, MICH.